THE

WEEKLY INSPECTOR.

"Of those men who have overturned the Liberties of Republics, the greatest number "have begun their career by paying an obsequious court to the People—commencing "DEMAGOGUES, and ending TYRANTS." HAMILTON.

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MONITOR.

No. 5.

(Continued from page 50.)

IN our last number we spoke of the apprehensions which united America, in common with the yet unsubjugated part of Europe, and indeed in conjunction with the civilized world, had reason to entertain from French power and French principles. In adverting to the opinions of those politicians, who maintain that the destinies of France are dependent on the personal qualities of Bonaparte, we alluded to the intrinsic *natural* advantages which France possessed prior to the revolution, and which, from the days of Charlemagne, had rendered her always formidable, and frequentiy terrible to her neighbours; and mentioned particularly the menacing aspect which she presented, when the GRAND ALLIANCE in the reign of Louis XIV. became requisite to form a barrier against her encroachments.

We now propose to show further, that the revolution, although it has failed to make France *free*, has succeeded in making her infinitely more *formidable* than ever she was prior to that period. That such is the ascendency which she has obtained by her *arts* as well as her *arms*, that we might well be justified in adopting the words of the prophetic Burke, spoken when the blossom of her present greatness had hardly begun to bud, that the "danger to be apprehended from France was so terrible in its nature, that there was no way of quieting our apprehensions about it, but by totaliy putting it out of sight, by substituting for it a kind of periphrasis;" and that in contemplating the subject he had frequently sunk into "a degree of dejection and despondency hardly to be described *."

I know that most of our philosophers and politicians have looked on the great events which have desolated Europe, with as much coolness, and appear to take as little interest in what is there passing, as if they were reading the history of the crusades; or, the marvellous achievments of Don Bellianis. They tell us that France will be occupied for a long time in Europe,

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* *Should any of our readers apprehend that we lean a little too much on the authority of Burke, we might present them with the testimony of his eminent contemporaries. Burke was, moreover, a firm friend to rational freedom, and to America, and resisted those arbitrary measures of Great-Britain, which led to hostilities between the countries. The author of the Pursuits of Literature speaks of Burke in terms of the highest eulogy; and says, that "the eyes of a whole (British) nation were originally opened by* ONE MAN, *and the systems of internal destruction, and of irreversible misery which assailed us, were displayed and confounded by* HIS *powers. Sometimes (indeed, it is when my heart burns within me) I pour out my thoughts by myself, in contemplation of* MY COUNTRY, *and of its* GREAT CITIZEN, *whom I approach with reverence in the words of the poet:*

Quem cum magna modis multis miranda videtur,
Gentibus humanis Regio, visendaque fertur,
Rebus opima bonis, multâ munita virûm vi,
NIL tamen HOC *habuisse* VIRO PRÆCLARIUS *in se,*
Nec sanctum magis et mirum carumque videtur.

"*A region, long the subject of speculation and wonder to all the surrounding nations; a kingdom which abounds in every production which is valuable, and which is defended by the* internal consolidated *strength of her own natives; yet she appears to have possessed no greater or more illustrious object of love and veneration than* THIS MAN."

and perhaps may never turn her attention to America. But if these men can derive wisdom from the misfortunes of others; if any thing but *the dear school of experience* can teach them a single lesson—that experience which, in political affairs, generally comes too late for practical use—if any thing short of the "iron scourge and torturing hour" of adversity can awaken them from the lap of indolence, let them read in Switzerland that doom which without extraordinary and unheard of exertions, awaits America †.

Our statesmen and philosophers seem to be very far behind hand in their views of society and the moral and political state of the world. They turn to the annals of antiquity, and ransack the pages of history from the earliest records of civilization, down to the all important epoch, when the seeds of the French revolution began to germinate. But the causes and consequences of that phenomenon, which not only changed the moral and political aspect of the world, but in some measure affected the *constitution of the human mind*, have comparatively attracted but a slight degree of attention. Thus, for want of an accurate knowledge of the nature of the disorder affecting *all bodies politic*, which have "snuffed the contagion" of French principles, their recipes are rather the bold experiments of empyricism, than the judicious prescriptions of regular physicians. Those who affirm that human nature is nearly the same in all ages, and that therefore we may deduce axioms from ancient history alone, for the regulation of our conduct in the present crisis, are mere trifiers. They might as well tell us that *man* is *man*, whether brought up in the hut of the Hottentot, in the wilds of Caffraria, or graduated in the National Institute at Paris.

When we speak of the revolution in France, the causes which produced, and the consequences which followed that event, we may with perfect propriety exclaim, that only *itself can be its parallel*. It opened "*Iliads of woes*" for Europe and for the world. The plagues of the fabled box of Pandora, would but feebly typify the evils, natural and moral, which were the offspring of that fruitful "mother of monsters." The political convulsions which have heretofore shaken and overturned kingdoms, states, and empires, can no better be compared to that dreadful revolution, than the rippling of the pebbly rill, to the rushing of the mountain torrent. Other revolutions have had for their object the destruction of a tyrant, the conquest of a kingdom, or the extension of an empire; but the *French revolution is a stroke at the vitals of all society and civilization*. What adds tenfold to its horrors, the springs which give motion to this stupendous machinery are yet in a great measure behind the curtain. Those who would oppose this enemy, may well adopt the noble prayer of Ajax, a little varied to the occasion:

> ———Lord of earth and air!
> Oh King! oh father! hear our humble prayer:
> Dispel this cloud, the light of truth restore,
> Give us to see, and we will ask no more.
> If all must perish, we thy will obey,
> *But let us perish in the face of day!*

Even many of the actors in the tremendous tragedy, now exhibiting on the great theatre of the world, are set in motion by springs which they cannot themselves comprehend, and feel themselves urged forward by a sort of inscrutable, but irresistible impetus, through scenes of guilt, at the bare mention of which, in the days of their innocence, they would have recoiled with unspeakable abhorrence.

The mysteries of this iniquity, however, are beginning to be developed. —We have reason to hope that the curtain will soon be drawn, that we

† *The political storms which murmured at a distance, seemed to stop at the summit of their mountains. States fell in pieces and disappeared from the map; a general confusion agitated the half of Europe; and they alone, scarcely apprised of the events, little thought that the moment was at hand, in which they were to be involved in the vortex. History of the invasion of Switzerland, by Zschokke.—May America, warned by her example, escape the rock on which she was wrecked!*

may see and shun the horrible spectre. There are proofs in abundance that the French revolution, with all its unparalleled horrorsand atrocities, *may be principally attributed to the machinations of a sect of fanatics*—A clan, not of *religionists*, but of *atheists* and philosophers, faisely so called, who are more bigoted, cunning, hypocritical, and ferocious, than were the militant disciples of Mahomet. Their zeal for proselytism was never exceeded, even by those who, urged by a similar *mental epidemic*, embarked in the mad enterprises of the Crusades. Never were sectaries more ardent in their zeal to make converts, than the propaganda, or *fanatical atheists* of France ‡. What renders them pre-eminently dangerous, their political, as well as their religious, or rather *irreligious* tenets, are adapted to flatter the pride, and sooth the prejudices of the most corrupt and abandoned part of every community; to waken the envy, and stimulate the hatred of the lower and most numerous classes of mankind, against those whom fortune or their own exertions have placed above them; in fine, to enlist the *passions* against the *intellect*, and raise the hands against the head of every body politic existing in society.

In our next we shall point out some grounds of our belief that this sect are now sapping the foundations of social order in the United States.

‡ "*They who have made but superficial studies in the Natural History of the human mind, have been taught to look on religious opinions as the only cause of enthusiastic zeal, and sectarian propagation. But there is no doctrine whatever, on which men can warm, that is not capable of the very same effect.*" BURKE.

The editor of the Aurora, among other wonderful displays of political sagacity, in his paper of the 24th inst. declares it to be the extreme of "madness and folly," to believe that the Emperor of Russia had refused to ratify the treaty of peace into which he had been decoyed by *honest* Talleyrand. This *upright* and *sagacious* politician in this case, however, as in most others, is *right-wrong*, as appears by the following, from a London paper of the 5th of September.

"On the arrival of M. D'Onbril at St. Petersburgh, a grand council was held. The Emperor attended in person, and upon its breaking up, it was officially notified to all the foreign ministers, that the treaty would not be ratified; and M. Kroshhouske, a Knight of Malta, was sent to Paris to announce his Majesty's determination.—He arrived there on the 30th ult. and on the 1st inst. Baschco was dispatched by Lord Lauderdale. What effect it will have upon the negociation pending between this country and France, we cannot pretend to determine; but we think it highly probable, that it will make Bonaparte more anxions to conclude a peace with Great-Britain."

We mentioned in our last, (page 70) that the pestiferous editor of the Aurora had published in his paper of the 21st inst. a pitiful plaint against Cobbet, of notable memory in America, and now editor of a Journal in England, which has of late become outrageously patriotic. The *assassination* plot, according to the *'rory* account of the matter, was nothing less than an *open proposal by Cobbett to the British cabinet to murder Mister Duane! (Oh Lord!) for* NOT *being a British agent, as in duty bound*, &c. *in this country*. This cock and bull story we then pronounced to be a *Duaneism*, or what *vulgar* people would call a LIE. We ventured to make this assertion merely on the ground of its having made its appearance in that vehicle of falsehood, the Aurora; which circumstance alone, we consider as *prima facie* evidence against the truth of a report; and it such report be in the least improbable in its nature, we put it down *a lie*, without further inquiry. We now find that in this instance, as well as in all others of that nature, we were perfectly correct in our procedure, as will appear from the following extract from Cobbett's Register of July 19, which contains this terrible thrust at the *innocent Duane*.

In Cobbett's "Summary of Politics," under the head INDIAN BUDGET, (with perfect propriety, for aught we know to the contrary) he accuses the East-India company and their agents, officers, &c. of tyranny, fraud, and various other

vices. Among other instances of mismanagement, he lays to their charge the crime of shipping off Duane, and sending him to *plague* America.

"What sort of manners (says Cobbet) are contracted in India, what sort of examples the cub nabobs have before their eyes, Dr. Maclean has now informed the world; and unless we see his facts satisfactorily controverted, we may certainly beg leave to be excused if we smile, when our rulers remind us of the tyranny that is exercised *in France*. Yes, unless the statements of this writer be overset, it will be as well for English orators to say as little as possible about the French *imprimatur*, and *Cayenne and gence*. It must, however, be confessed, that this arbitrary, this terrible power of banishing at one hour's warning, refractory printers and authors, has not *originated* with the Marquis Wellesley.—There was a printer named *Duane*, who was so banished some years ago, either by Sir John Shore, or Lord Cornwallis. He was born in Ireland, where he served his time; and after having been sometime in London, he went to Calcutta, where he established a printing office. Being a man of spirit and talents, he had the disposition and the capacity to make representations that were not relished by government. He had *no trial*; his printing office was put down; his property was destroyed; his fortune, which was fast accumulating, was, in a moment, annihilated; he himself was seized and thrown into a guard-house like a criminal soldier, and as soon as possible, shipped off to Europe, where he was landed without a shilling in his pocket, and without a friend to assist and console him. From England he went smarting under his injuries, to America, where he has taken ample vengeance; for, of all the men in America, whether natives or foreigners, whether high or low in life, William Duane has been, and yet is, the most formidable enemy of England. *Against such a man you do nothing, unless you take his life.*" Again.—"His banishment from India *has cost us millions in the other hemisphere*; and greatly deceived am I, if this cost has as yet reached its total amount. *That the conduct of Duane was contrary to the dictates of loyalty and patriotism as well as morality, we know*; but though we must contemplate the works of his revenge with disapprobation, we cannot contemplate them with any great degree of surprise; for while men are subject to the power of their passions, revenge will, according to the extent of its accompanying capacity, follow injury; and when the injury is inflicted by a government, protected by the nation, upon the nation must light the effects of the revenge. Such revenge is never to be justified. It behoves a man, who has been injured by the government of his country, to go patiently to work in the obtaining of redress; and if he sees no hope of redress at present, it behoves him to wait for a time more auspicious."

That Cobbett was not perfectly acquainted with this transaction, appears from his not being able to tell us whether Duane was "shipped off" by Lord Cornwallis, or Sir John Shore. His remarks respecting the infamous conduct of a man who would swear hostility against his country, because he had been *maltreated* (allowing Duane's punishment not to be just) by an individual of that country, are perfectly correct. What should we say if an American, who had suffered by the tyranny of a governor of one of our states, should make the best of his way to France, and declare himself an inveterate enemy to his native country. Besides, if Duane was a sufferer from the misconduct of Sir John Shore, ought he, therefore, to come to this country and wreak his vengeance on General Washington; and proclaim the day in which he retired from office, "a Jubilee" for America?

As to the terrible threat of assassination, as Duane calls it, contained in these words, "Against such a man you do nothing unless you take his life;" I conceive it means nothing more than to express Cobbett's opinion of that mulish obstinacy in mischief, which is a very prominent trait in the character of this demagogue. Pray Pat, does the old proverb which speaks of braying a fool in a mortar, contain any threat, or authorize the experiment? If so, you have need to tremble for your bones.

Duane likewise discovers another meaning of Cobbett, which we believe never entered the mind of the author, in these words: "His banishment from India has *cost us millions* in the other hemisphere." True enough! and it has cost America tens of millions!—He has been a great agent in promoting the men who have gone near to ruin this nation; and perhaps even now, it is too late to remedy the evils which they have introduced. He has been one of the most active in effecting the destruction of our navy;

preventing the fortification of our sea-ports; rendering us tributary to France, and a laughing stock to the world. As to Britain's expending money for the support of newspapers in this country, engaged in "*opposition*, and *persecution*, and *proscription* of the Aurora," it is all a *hum*.

General Armstrong has published in Philadelphia, in a pamphlet, and Duane has republished in the Aurora, an elaborate defence of his conduct, in the affair of the ship New-Jersey. The postscript to this pamphlet in particular, is replete with personalities the most irritating that can be imagined: and, by way of pouring a little *oil—of vitriol*, into the wounds thus given to the honour of Mr. John Randolph, the writer declares, that "the public will perceive from the temper of this answer, that we have no disposition to deprecate the *wrath* of Mr. Randolph: on the contrary, we invite even his *fury*, &c."

FROM THE EVENING POST.

To the Hon. De Witt Clinton, Esq. chief Magistrate of the city of New-York.

SIR,

It is not many days since certain paragraphs appeared in the paper of your party, inviting the troops of a foreign power to take possession of this city and decide our political disputes. The proposition was heard by some with stupid surprise; and by others was regarded as part of the accustomed raving of the individual you employ to issue that paper. A few, who had better observed the progress, and knew the audacity of Jacobin ambition, saw much of *design*, both in the tenour of those paragraphs, and in the time and manner of uttering them to the public. Such a subject was not to be adventured upon without the motive, nor witout the concurrence, of the head of your party. In the production itself, the affectation of a careless or vulgar style and desultory manner, bespoke the cunning of the author, and almost betrayed his name.

It was fit, sir, to forbear adverting upon the sentiments contained in those paragraphs, till there should be time to correct or disavow them. If they were the unauthorized effusion of an individual, they would neither be repeated nor be worthy of public attention. But at this time, when the people of the United States, waking from a delusion of six years, begin to withdraw their confidence from selfish demagogues—from patriots whose aim was emolument and power; and from statesmen who had neither honesty nor talents; it was also fit that we should know whether the men now in office, have determined to hold their places by the aid of an invading army. It is important to inquire whether this city is left unprotected to facilitate the descent of such an army; and whether the threat of an attack is intended to be used as a regular engine at succeeding elections?

There has been time, sir, for a developement of your views; and we find the plan of making New-York a French garrison; its property the subject of plunder; and its inhabitants of proscription, excites no alarm among your partisans. The proposal has been *repeated* without the slightest mark of disapprobation, in a paper avowedly devoted to the particular interest of yourself and family, and filled with the literary toil of your creatures.—That paper is in sentiment and dependence *your paper*, and I shall consider its sentiments as *yours*.

The following then is, I think, a correct summary of your propositions:

First. That yourself and your party are opposed to the fortification of the city.

Second. That those who advocate the fortification, are to be considered as dry-good dealers, partners, or agents of British merchants. That these dry-good merchants wish for a rupture with France and Spain. —That they are the only persons who predict and ought to dread such a rupture.—That in case of an attack, they will be the particular objects of proscription and plunder—and that they are to be sought for in our sea-ports.

Third. That you consider the conduct of France towards this country as having *always been honourable*. This must include her former war upon our trade; the rejection of our ambassadors; the *demand* of tribute from a federal administration, and the *receipt* of it from a democratic one—her preventing an adjustment with Spain, and the reduction of our *glorious* purchase of Louisiana to a *string of land*.

Fourth. That *you* are easy on the score of French aggression—that if the French choose to invade this city, you are easy on that score also, and will not fortify to prevent it—that if the French should come they would drive off "scoundrels,"—and that *this* is the cheapest method of fortifying.

Fifth. That two or three thousand French troops *are able* to scour the city—that they would carry off "a cargo of conspirators," —and that you approve of this also.

The open expression and silent approbation of these opinions, ought to excite the attention of the whole country, as well as this city in particular, to questions of the most momentous import. We are a lost people, unless they raise our indignation also——It

is in vain that we cry PEACE! PEACE!—In vain, that we prate about "*just nations*;" and plead before an invader the merit of millions paid. Every breeze that wafts to us a rumour of peace in Europe, is felt throughout America as the portentous harbinger of storms.——If that event comes, there is not a man in the United States but would as soon look for protection in the courage of our government, as safety in the excess of humiliation.——"*Sad choice*" of resources, when the alternative lies between the courage and the baseness of our rulers: and when the one would inspire the fear of an enemy, as little as the other would excite the pity of a conqueror.

Are you, sir, a proper man to be Chief Magistrate of this city at such a crisis? What exertions can we expect for the common safety from him who encourages the expressions I have quoted? Is the event of a visit from the French regarded by you as disastrous, or favourable to your personal ambition? Is there a party of men in this country, who, when the public delusions shall have passed away, look to the aid of a FOREIGN POWER to continue them in office? Is it now at length, past all doubt, that there is a numerous train of presses hired to promote the same object? And is the nation purposely disarmed to favour it? Where, sir, are the frigates which you wrote for to the President? And who has heard your complaints for the want of them?

We have neither ships, nor soldiers, nor war-like stores, nor a gun mounted. In the event of an attack, your office may, for a moment, give you a necessary influence, which perhaps merit or courage would have bestowed upon others: but with as great advantages as Arnold had at West-Point, your escape may be less fortunate, and your end more sudden.

CATO.

"————'tis the sport, to have the engineer,
"Hoist with his own petar."

Maturin Livingston, vs. *James Cheetham*.

Two suits in favour of the late Recorder, against the editor of the American Citizen, have been decided in Albany. The jury is said to have been composed of two thirds Clintonians, but gave a verdict for the plaintiff in each case, with damages in each of FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.—So goes the 27,000 dollar fund!!

FOREIGN NEWS

Of a most important nature has been received since our last. The following is a summary of the contents of an official dispatch from Major-General Sir John Stewart, commander of the British troops acting in Calabria, to the Right Hon. William Windham.

Gen. Regnier, apprised of the disembarcation of the British at St. Euphemia, made a rapid march from Reggio, uniting his detached corps as he advanced, with his characteristic confidence of defeating the British. On the afternoon of the 3d of July, he encamped near Maida, about ten miles distant from the British; his force then consisted of about 4,000 infantry, and 300 cavalry. He likewise expected in a day or two, a junction of 3,000 more troops, who were marching after him in a second division.

Gen. Stewart advanced upon him, leaving a small party to protect a work which had been thrown up at the landing place.

Gen. Regnier was encamped on the side of a woody hill below the village of Maida, sloping into the plain of St. Euphemia. His flanks were strengthened by a thick impervious underwood.—The Amato, a fordable river, with marshy banks, ran along his front.—Gen. Stuart's approach was across a spacious plain, which gave opportunity to observe his movements.

After some loose firing of the flankers to cover the deploiements of the two armies, by nine o'clock in the morning the opposing fronts were warmly engaged, when the prowess of the rival nations seemed now fairly to be at trial before the world; and the superiority was greatly and gloriously decided to be our own.

The corps on the right was commanded by Lieutenant Col. Kempt, consisting of light companies of the 20th, 29th, 35th, 61st, 81st, and Watteville's, together with one hundred and fifty chosen battallion men of the 35th regiment, under Major Robinson. Directly opposite to them was the favourite French regiment, Ire Legere. The two corps, at the distance of about a hundred yards, fired reciprocally a few rounds, when, as by mutual agreement, the firing was suspended; and in close compact, order, and awful silence, they advanced towards each other, until their bayonets began to cross. At this momentous crisis the enemy became appalled. They broke and endeavoured to fly, but it was too late; they were overtaken with the most dreadful slaughter.

Brigadier Gen. Auckland, whose brigade was immediately on the left of the light infantry, pressed istantly forward on the corps in his front. The 78th regiment, commanded by Col. Maclean, and the 81st regiment, under Maj. Plenderheath, both distinguished themselves on this occasion. The enemy fled with dismay, leaving the plain covered with the dead and wounded.

The enemy, defeated on the left, made an effort on the right, but were successfully resisted by the brigade under General Cole, the

grenadiers under Col. O'Callaghan, and the 27th regiment under Col. Smith. The cavalry, repelled from before the front, made an effort to turn their left, but Lieut. Col. Ross threw his regiment into a small cover under their flank, and by a heavy and well-directed fire, entirely disconcerted this attempt.

The enemy now, astonished at the intrepidity with which they were assailed, fled precipitately, leaving the field covered with carnage. Above seven hundred bodies of the dead were buried on the ground. The wounded and prisoners which fell into the hands of the British, amounted to about a thousand. About a thousand men left in Montelcone and the different parts between this and Regio, have mostly notified their readiness to surrender, whenever a force should be sent to protect them from the fury of the people.—The peasantry are hourly bringing in the fugitives.

The force of the British amounted, Rank and File, including the Royal artillery, to 4,795. That of the French was not less than 7,000.

This battle was succeeded by a "Royal decree by Ferdinand, King of Callabria;" which contains an Eulogy on Gen. Stuart and the forces under his command, and calls on his subjects to co-operate with him, with all their forces and means.

This was followed by a "Proclamation" by the British commander, complaining of the enormities committed by the French on their retreat, in plundering villages and assassinating the inhabitants, and threatening to make reprisals on the French prisoners in his power.

Jerome Bonaparte, according to the English statements, has not acquired much honour in his late cruize. During a chase, it is said he lagged astern, and took an opportunity, when he supposed his movements were not observed, to bear away for Europe. They ridicule this upstart "Prince," for his foppery and effeminacy.

Another account mentions his having been chased by the Gibraltar, and would have been overtaken, but the press of sail carried by the latter, drove away her foremast.

It is reported that the King of Prussia has required that Germany should be evacuated by the French. If so, a war between Prussia and France is inevitable.

The French, after their defeat at Callabria, retired to Cassano, the head quarters of Massena. Almost all Callabria has been abandoned to the British.—King Joseph has put himself at the head of one of the divisions of the French army.

A great victory has been gained by the Russian army over the Persians, in which the latter were almost all killed or taken prisoners. The Russian officers had for some days previous to the battle been exciting their troops to take a dreadful revenge for the murder of Prince Lizianoff, and their efforts were crowned with success.

Lord Lauderdale had not left Paris on the 11th of September; of course nothing decisive can be stated respecting the negociation.

General Berthier has written a letter, which was intercepted, to General Regnier, containing some very severe reprimands of the troops under his command. "The first regiment," he says, "of light infantry ought to have remembered that it had before shown itself afraid of the English, and since that epoch they may have learned to make it fly; but the other corps had given proofs that they formerly knew how to march forwards, accompanied always by victory."

DOMESTIC.

From Washington we learn that Captain Lewis, with his exploring party, had arrived at St. Louis. They passed the last winter at a place which Captain Lewis calls fort Crutsop, near the mouth of Columbia river, and set out from thence on the 27th of March last, and arrived at the foot of the rocky mountains May 10th, and were detained by snow on the mountains till June 24th. Capt. Lewis found it 2,575 miles from the mouth of the Missouri to the great falls, thence by land, passing the rocky mountains to a navigable part of the Kooske, 340 miles, of which 200 would admit of a good road, and 140 miles over tremendous mountains, which for 60 miles are covered with eternal snows.—Then 73 miles down the Kooske into a south eastwardly branch of the Columbia, 154 miles down that to the main river of the Columbia, and then 413 miles to the Pacific, in all 3,555 from the mouth of the Missouri to the mouth of the Columbia. In this last river the tide flows 183 miles, to within 7 miles of its great rapids, and so far would admit large sloops; and from thence upwards, may be navigated by batteaux and periaugers. Capt. Lewis speaks of this line as furnishing the most valuable furs in the world, and a short and direct course for them to the eastern coast of China. He says it was fortunate that he did not send back part of his force, from the head of the Missouri, for more than once his party owed their lives to their numbers, consisting of 31 men. One man died before he reached fort Mordon in 1804; every other one returned in good health.

Captain Lewis will soon set out for Washington. He is accompanied by a Mordon Chief. He speaks of his colleague Captain Clark in the most affectionate terms, and declares his equal title to whatever merit may be ascribed to the enterprise.

From New-Orleans we learn that preparations are making to meet the Spanish. The troops left by Col. Kingsbury at Fort Adams, have marched under Capt. Sparks

for Natchitoches; and Major Ferdinand Claiborne was expected with Capt. Farrar's troop of dragoons, and a detachment of militia on their march to Natchitoches.

A Delicate Ditty, terminating with a Sweet Simile.—By Dr. CAUSTICK.

Tom Tawdry was a gay gallant,
And though indeed, his wit was scant,
The favourite of each toast, sir;
He seem'd to charm as with a spell,
Each dashing fashionable Belle
Which fam'd New-York can boast, sir.

He was as *finical* a buck,
As ever yet has had the luck,
To fascinate your *pretties;*
And first he would lay siege to one,
And then away to others run,
And sing the self-same ditties.

At length he sat him down for life,
With such and odd stick for a wife!
Our city can't produce a-
Nother such a hag, 'tis said;
As ugly as a Gorgon's head,
On shoulders of Medusa!

So have I seen upon the wing,
A butterfly,—a pretty thing,
Not satisfied with one flower;
It flits from violet to rose,
And dandelion—then it goes
And lunches on a sunflower.

In every flower it dipp'd a bit,
And sipp'd and swill'd enough to split,
The greedy little sinner;
The viands too, on which it far'd,
Were such as Hebe ne'er prepar'd
For Jove a birth-day dinner.

But left the violet and rose,
Our tiny *tippy-bobby* goes,
As fast at it can flutter;
And finishes its dainty meal,
On what would pois'n the very de'l,
In some old filthy gutter!

The following address from a Lady, to Dr. CAUSTICK, *one would suppose, would have a tendency to soften the heart of the old Peripatetic: or at least, induce him to correct some of his* own faults and foibles, *before he falls pell-mell upon the fair sex. Miss Volina will excuse us for taking the liberty to alter one or two of her rhymes:—the sentiments cannot be mended.*

From the Brattleborough Reporter.

You say wer'e fond of fops,—why not,
When men of sense cannot be got?
A woman, *something* must admire,
Or else with *ennui* expire.

O Doctor! listen to my prayer—
A lesson for proud man prepare;
There is a fault you must confess,
Most men of wit and worth possess.

They seem to think in woman's mind,
But very little sense to find;
And therefore when they condescend,
Perchance an hour with us to spend—

Think it impossible to please,
With their profound sublime ideas;
But sit in silence, most heroic,
Plodding, like philosophic stoic.

Upon my word, I do not know,
Aught more provoking here below;
Than thus to see a man, who might,
Fill every soul with pure delight,

Sit pondering with thought profound,
On follies of each female 'round;
Then wonder at our want of spirit,
And blindness to his worth and merit.

Now in my mind, pert prattling beaus,
Are more amusing, far, than those;
I grant sometimes a man you find,
With reason, wit, and genius join'd:

With each united charm and grace,
Which fascinate the female race;
One whom no prejudice controls,
To think us destitute of souls.

Should such a man as this advance,
The fop would stand but little chance;
Believe me, sir, our sex you'll find,
To mental worth is never blind.

The man of mind we more admire,
Than perfect forms, or fine attire:
Most women will the fop despise,
When men of sense shall be so wise

As to discard, Turk-like opinions,
That women are but Nature's minions;
Made for a while to please the eye,
To nourish man, and then to die!

When you do this we'll bid adieu,
To lap-dogs, fops, and monkies too;
Reserving all our admiration,
For MAN, THE GLORY OF CREATION.

VOLINA.

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